THE PACIFIC

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THE WHITE STONE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

O Soul of mine, I hear a deep voice speaking,
As cares increasing on thy swift steps press;
What says the voice?—"The only thing worth seeking
Is righteousness."

"Soul, in thyself are hidden compensations
For disappointment, sorrow and distress;
Not wealth, but sacrifice, attains the stations
To righteousness."

O soul of mine, the cross is shining o'er thee,
Its glory lights each step of thy duress,
All thy ideals may change to life before thee,
Through righteousness.

Pleasure? We part, since thou art lost in winning.
Wealth? Thou dost make the soul's true value less.
Fame? What art thou but night's lone firefly's spinning
To righteousness?

There is a city of the spheres immortal,
That victories over self and sin possess,
And the White Stone that opes its irised portal
Is righteousness.

Whither? I know not—unto life eternal.
My Guide I know; His feet I after press;
Within the soul are life and light supernal—
In righteousness!

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

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THE JAPANESE SCHOOL CONTROVERSY.

Considerable nonsense has found its way recently into the newspapers hereabouts on the question of separate schools for the Orientals in San Francisco. Some of the papers have argued that our treaty with Japan, which promises that people "most favored nation" treatment, and the enjoyment of the same privileges as native citizens in the matter of travel and residence, is not the supreme law of the land; that California can set aside the constitution of the United States and treat the Japanese and other Orientals as she pleases, our treaties to the contrary notwithstanding.

But the second section of the sixth article of the constitution of the United States declares: "This constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

Papers all over the country have been quoting this provision; and, like the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, have been saying, "It is up to California to support the constitution."

Here and there a paper, notably the San Francisco Chronicle, has attempted the weak argument that according to another provision of the constitution of the United States authority in public school matters is vested in the state. But most of the papers that have said anyhing against the move for the enforcement of the stipulations of the treaty with Japan have childishly suggested that the public schools be turned over to the Orientals, rather than their education together with our own children be permitted, and the American children be educated in some other way.

As already stated editorially in The Pacific it is not yet apparent that there has been any such crowding of Orientals into the schools of San Francisco as to make desirable or necessary separate schools for them, even if our laws and treaties should allow it. The statistics which we printed in a recent issue of this paper did not indicate any such need.

Yesterday we picked up a copy of the Oakland Enquirer and supposed at first glance that we had happened on to some valuable information on this question of separate schools for the Orientals. It was stated editorially in that paper that a certain report by the executive board of the Woman's Civic Club of Oakland "ought to be equally weighty with that of Secretary Metcalf."

And what was that report? It was this in its substantial parts:

"One of our club officers stated that the son of one of her relatives on returning from a sojourn in the country found his seat in the Lafayette school occupied by a Japanese, and having no chance of getting another there, had to be transferred to a school more remote from his home. This is not an isolated case, as we have learned, but is one of many. We hope the Enquirer will persevere in its efforts to bring the general public to a realization of the necessity of having the Oriental children taught in separate schools, not, as some persons seem to think, for the sake of putting a stigma upon the Orientals, but as a matter of fairness to the children of Americans."

Oh, the nonsense of it! We have known such things as the one mentioned in the Lafayette school to have happened frequently in schools where there have been no Orientals in attendance. That is no good reason for separate schools for Orientals. It suggests the need for more extensive accomodations, so that all who desire to attend may be seated and given all proper attention and instruction.

We would suggest to the people of California that they take care not to be influenced by the intemperate and illogical statements being made in some of the newspapers, and that they await calmly the report of Secretary Metcalf. As stated heretofore, we can conceive of such a crowding of Japanese into our public schools as to make it desirable that they be given separate places of instruction. That such conditions exist anywhere in California is far from evident. The clamor has been started by persons who fail to realize that we owe some duties to the children of the Orientals as well as to our own children; and there is danger that people who realize this and desire to act accordingly will be misled.

DISCUSSION OF A CHURCH UNION MOVEMENT.

The Religious Telescope, the organ of the United Brethren Church, has given more space than any other paper to the discussion of the question of the union of the Congregationalists, United Brethren and Methodist Protestants. A recent number of the paper contained an article by Bishop Mills which suggested a plan of federation instead of the one looking toward organic union which was adopted at the council in Dayton, Ohio, last February. This plan in greater elaboration has been published in the United Brethren Review, a monthly, and is being distributed now in tract form.

Bishop Weekley, of the same church, considers it in The Telescope for October 31st, and objects to it for several reasons. One is that the Dayton council committed itself to an effort for union, and in his opinion ought to work along the same line and toward that end at its next meeting. He says concerning the suggestions by Bishop Mills that they are good so far as they go, but do not go far enough; that they commend themselves to such as desire mere federation, but certainly cannot be regarded as a basis for organic unity. It is noted, however, that Bishop Mills sent them forth simply "as a contribution to aid in solving the problem of church union." Bishop Mills has stood with Bishop Weekley and the other bishops from the first in an effort to lead their church people on to organic unity.

It may be that he sees difficulties in the way which he had not seen at first, and proposes federation as the only thing feasible in the near future.

Concerning union, Bishop Weekley says: "The larger union, so called, may be longer coming than was counted on at first, but there is no good reason why the United Brethren and Methodist Protestants should not get together in a comparatively short time. For this, multitudes are praying."

The Methodist Protestant papers have not from the very first favored anything but speedy organic unity, and this has been the position almost without exception of the membership of the Methodist Protestant Church.

The article by Bishop Weekley concludes with the following paragraph well worth quoting at a time when the Christian church needs to use most wisely all its forces if it is to do the work which God has called it to do:

"On the question of union I occupy the same position I did years ago. I know not where else to stand. That the Christian forces about us must be reorganized, and new battle-lines formed, there can be no doubt. Reason and religion, experience and observation, all point in that direction. There can be no apology for one hundred and fifty different denominations in this country. In view of the contention and heartaches and alienations which many of these represent, it is a slander on the Almighty to say that such divisions exist according to his plan. This rending of the body of Jesus has occurred mainly in the last century; but the era of separations, thank God, is past. The present is a time of reconsturction. The fences long erected by prejudice will have to be removed. They are being removed. Mere federation will not suffice. The machinery of one hundred and fifty religious organizations is too ponderous. So much time and strength and money are required to run it, that but little is left for real soul-winning. God will see to it in his own good way and time that much of this machinery is cut out. The friction and consequent waste is too awful to endure much longer. In view of these things should we not humble ourselves, as never in the past, and pray for a willingness to be led by our Lord wherever he may choose in carrying out the last great commission?"

Since the foregoing was put in type we have learned from the Rev. Dr. Bell, the United Brethren bishop for the Pacific coast, that the suggestions by Bishop Mills were made after it had been concluded by some able legal authorities that there were insuperable difficulties as to the property interests. The conclusion at the Dayton council, after eminent men in the law had pronounced on the matter, was in effect that there were no such difficulties. There will, in a few days, be further information on this point, inasmuch as the committee on vested interests is to meet in Pittsburg next week to consider the legal aspect.

It is to be hoped that the way will be clear for the progress of the movement for unity, that all difficulties will be removed speedily, and the union consummated in the near future. The interests of the kingdom of God upon the earth demand, it seems to us, not only this, but much more. But be that as it may be, God be thanked for the spirit of unity which so widely characterizes the church today! As never before men and women everywhere recognize the good that is being done outside their own denominations, and say that they are in the denominations not so much because of their distinctive doctrines or methods, but because it is necessary for them to be in some where if their lives are to count well for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom. That is an immense gain over a few decades ago. Truly the world does move.

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

"The world Today" says concerning the Rev. C. R. Brown's book, "The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit," "The man who thinks that the message of Christianity is an academic discussion of theological matters would do well to read this book. For every clergyman a reading of it is a duty."

Seattle and other Washington Presbyterians will seek to have the General Assembly meet in that city in 1909. That is the year for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, and an effort will be made to have it a great and memorable year for Seattle and the whole Northwest.

The purchase of property on the corner of Harrison and Nineteenth streets, Oakland, by the First Presbyterian Church of that city is an indication that its present location may be sold ere long and a new building be erected at the location named. It is said that $20,000 was paid for the Harrison street corner.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened last Monday to talks by the Revs. H. M. Tenney and R. C. Brooks on the recent meeting of the American Board. Among the things emphasized by both of the speakers was the fact that the Haystack Prayer Meeting centennial was not made an occasion for self-glorification. Different denominations, it was said, came together to discuss common problems, and the meeting was all in all great in the breadth of its outlook. The address by Secretary Brown of the Presbyterian foreign missionary society was spoken of as statesman-like.

The pastor of one of our Central California churches has made out a schedule of benevolences for the ensuing year and has decided to ask his church to remain on "the million dollar line" for foreign missions and give to the work of the American Board for the year 1906-07 an average of $1.40 per member. This is commendable action. We are of opinion that this standard can be maintained wherever it was attained to for the year recently closed, and that it ought to be. We believe that it can be done without cutting down the contributions for other work. Let the effort be to secure for the American Board as much as was secured the last year, and for every one of the societies larger contributions than ever before. President Gates stated in his sermon at North Adams that the Congregationalists of this country in ten years had increased their wealth $240,000,000 and at the same time had cut down their church contributions ten per cent. In the words of the Apostle: "These things ought not so to be." If ever the word of the Lord was, "Speak—that they go forward," it is today. Everywhere the field is white unto the harvest.

The Rev. Dr. Adams is expected back from the East on Saturday of this week and is announced to

be in his pulpit in San Francisco next Sunday. On Monday evening the ladies of Plymouth Church will give him "a welcome home," and at the same time will lead in the celebration of the 10th anniversary of his pastorate in the First Church of San Francisco. The same evening the 4th anniversary of the taking up of the work in Plymouth Church by the Rev. Dr. Meserve will be celebrated. The Congregation of the First and Plymouth churches Sunday morning was the largest at any time since they began worshiping together. The sermon by Dr. Meserve on the text in the second chapter of Ezekiel, "And he said unto me, Son of man stand upon thy feet and I will speak unto thee," was one well worth hearing. It was an able setting forth of the need for a re-awakening in our religious life. For the first time in many years the editor of The Pacific was at church without a pencil in his pocket, or notes would have been taken and some report made. In the announcements Dr. Meserve spoke of the very pleasant fellowship in The First and Plymouth churches in their work together during the last few months. The building on the corner of Post and Mason will not be ready for occupancy for several weeks yet, and the annual meeting and dinner of the First Church will be held in Plymouth Church on Wednesday evening November 21st.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

Evangelistic work in Yokohama is to be promoted by $500 saved by Mr. S. Hosoda, a Japanese Christian, from his earnings. And it is reported that he has begun to save $500 more which will be devoted to work among his people in San Francisco.

This is what Bishop Thoburn says about the ark of God in the year 1906: "Never since the time of Moses has the ark of God been in less actual danger, and never has the Leader of Israel been more manifestly present in the van of the militant host than in this year of our Lord, 1906."

It is said that Dwight L. Moody never made an audible prayer that was more than three minutes long. But the remark further is: "His whole life was a prayer. Often when riding along the road he would begin to pray aloud unconsciously. Nearness to God was the secret of his great power over men."

Bishop Bashford gave a lecture recently at Ann Arbor, Michigan. When his fee was paid him, he remarked: "I am going to take that right to China, and it will educate a hundred Chinese boys for a year." That is a good kind of bishop to have around —and a good kind of Christian too.

It is reported that a Catholic priest at Brainard, Minnesota, hearing that the Methodist minister in that town was to be sent to another field, wrote that if the cause for removal was a financial one he would be glad to remove it. We trust that the report is correct. The manifestation of such a spirit is a sign of promise.

On the occasion of the 70th birthday of Bishop McCabe a few weeks ago he was conducting a conference in North Dakota. A member of the conference was appointed to extend felicitations, and he said in part: "When I was a young man I heard you in southern Minnesota. Since then whenever you were announced to speak within reach, I was there. I have listenend to you many times through the years, and never have heard one word of discouragement from your lips. You have always had a vision of a triumphant church and your utterance has been a call to victory." That is a record worth mentioning.

The Presbyterian ministers in Philadelphia have asked the mayor of that city to suppress the play by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, "The Clansman," arranged from his novel bearing that title. They say: "Knowing as we do, that the chief purpose of the play is to create a bitter antipathy to the colored people in order to divest them ultimately of their political and manhood rights, we feel therefore that its exhibition would not only be most unChristian and unjust, but most menacing to the peace, happiness and safety of the community as well, and hence that it should be condemned by the citizens of Philadelphia and excluded from the city." Since this action was taken the mayor has prohibited the play.

In a valedictory address not long ago at Bombay, India, Lord Curzon said: "A hundred times in India I have said to myself—Oh, that to every Englishman in this country, as he ends his work, might be truthfully applied the phrase—'Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity!' No man, I believe, ever served India faithfully to whom that could not be said. All other triumphs are tinsel and sham. Remember that when the Almighty has placed your hand on the greatest of his ploughs, to drive the blade a little forward in your time, is to feel that somewhere among these millions you have left a little justice or happiness." The London Christian comments: "If all British residents in our great dependency were to live up to the Christian standard, one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of missionary work in India would be removed, and the natives would have no ground for their scathing comparisons between the teachings of Christ and the practices of numbers of professedly Christian people."

The Presbyterian board of foreign missions receives $27,250 from the Chinese governmnent for destruction of mission property at Lien-chou last year. "In addition to this payment, the viceroy has agreed, for the Chinese government, to increase the rewards offered for the murderers of the missionaries, to make more diligent the search for them, and has also given assurance that never again will missionary interests at Lien-Chou be left without ample protection . Also, there is to be taken a small Chinese temple, which has been used for the annual 'Ta Tsul' celebration, standinng near the site of the destroyed mission hospital, for conversion into a schoolhouse. On this building is to be placed conspicuously an edict of the Chinese emperor, issued shortly after the massacre, in which he bitterly castigates those inimical to missionaries and missionary work. When the misisonaries return, this edict is to be published broadcast throughout the province. The agreement further provides that the Chinese authorities will erect a tablet in memory of the lost missionaries, with an inscription indicating that it is raised by the Chinese authorities upon the cave temple, near the spot where the missionaries were tortured and thrown into the river. Two of the missionaries who escaped the massacre are soon to return to the Lien-chou station, and the work of rebuilding is to be pushed to completion."

On the Value of the Supernatural, The Watchman, a leading paper among the Baptists, presents the following: "There are multitudes of people who have

accepted Christianity because of its claims to divine authority, who, if they become convinced that Jesus was not a perfect teacher and that the Bible has no supernatural authority, from that moment will have nothing further to do with them. They would feel that from a merely human standpoint the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, for example, are directly opposed to human experience and reason, and would refuse to allow them to influence their lives. They would refuse longer to see any reason why they should love their enemies; they would not feel the duty of the beauty of meekness, and they would repudiate the Golden Rule as opposed to their human judgment and self-interest. If the teachings of Jesus have no claims to perfection, and the Bible does not speak with the authority of God to the souls of men, Christianity ceases to have any claims to the obedience and adherence of all men and becomes the cult and the fad of a few. Subjectivism in religion is necessarily anthropomorphic and empirical. The one characteristic produces indefinite subdivisions, the other leads inevitably to the scepticism of Hume and Nietzsche. It is often assumed that if Christianity loses its supernatural authority it will still commend itself to mankind and command the allegiance of men and women as it does now. But this is a great mistake. Every pastor and missionary knows that the principles and truths of Christianity do not, except in rare cases, meet with a response in human hearts unless they are brought within the imperative power of the authority of God. The experiences of nineteen centuries prove that men and women, while naturally religious, are not naturally Christian. And it is only when the teachings of Jesus and of the Bible are weighted with the divine imperative that they elicit an obedient response in hearts moved by the fear of God." We believe in the supernatural, but we do not agree with The Watchman in all that is said herein. We believe that the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, interpreted as they must be by the other teachings and principles of Jesus,and by his application of them in his own life, do commend themselves to human judgments and hearts as the only rules that can make life really worth living.

A TURNING POINT IN MISSIONARY POLICY.

Under the foregoing caption the editor of the religious department of the Boston Transcript comments as follows on the recent American Board meeting:

"That Haystack Centennial at Williamstown last week will go down into history as something more than a commemorative occasion. It looked toward the future as well as toward the past. And it struck several new notes whose echoes are likely to be heard far and wide. It may put the foreign missionary propaganda on a far higher plane and lead on to important modifications in polity and method. Several speakers set forth strongly the thought that missions today are not simply an undertaking to convert individuals, but to transform whole nations. And no speaker shed more light upon the subject than did Rev. Arthur J. Brown, D.D., who had been brought on from New York for the express purpose of telling what, in his judgment ought to be the lines of advance during the coming century. His singularly broad address was all the more notable because coming from a man identified with such a thoroughly conservative body as is the Presbyterian Church. But he did not hesitate to suggest a policy which is at once progressive and positive, earnest, yet liberal. He would not have Christians at home think that there is nothing to learn from the failures as well as the successes of the past missionary labors, and he declared that all signs now point toward a full, clear recognition of the part that the growing native church must have in evangelization. During most of the century just closed, the missionary from America, and the Board which sent him, was expected to run everything, but now a native church has been created, upon which should be laid a large share of the responsibility for Christianizing the land where it is. 'Many things need to be done in non-Christian lands, that it is not the function of the Board to do.' Dr. Brown bore down strongly on the unwisdom of trying to perpetuate in foreign lands the sectarian differences which divide Christians at home into different camps. And he said that the missionary who feels he must advance some peculiar tenet ought in fairness to tell the natives that this peculiar belief is not held by all Christians at home. Dr. Brown would also leave with the native church the task of making its own creed and deciding on the form of church government that suits it best."

All this is without question, very good, except the statement that missionary work is not simply an undertaking to convert individuals, but to transform whole nations. Perhaps that is good also. If it was meant by the speakers that the transformation of whole nations was to come through individual conversions, very well. If in some other way, it is open to objection.

We came across, a few days ago, a statement by that devoted young Christian layman who has been stirring the hearts of many people in California during the last two weeks—Mr. Robert E. Speer—which is worth quoting here: "The gospel that is to redeem society can do it only by redeeming the units of society. Community morality rests upon personal morality."

THE KUMI-AI CHURCHES OF JAPAN.

By J. D. Davis.

The Kumi-ai churches have just held, in Kobe, the largest and best annual conference in their history. Over one hundred pastors and delegates were in attendance. The utmost harmony prevailed, and they took hold of the business with great interest and dispatched it with no waste of time. Nearly two thousand yen were raised for concentrated district evangelistic work during the coming year. A committee of five was appointed to examine and report on the best way of making evangelistic work more effective, how to best train pastors and workers, and also on the weekly paper, The Christian World. This means, as we hope, that the Kumi-ai churches are to take a more direct interest in the work of the Doshisha theological department.

Mr. Abe's sermon, Sabbath morning, before an audience of nearly one thousand persons, on Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones, was a very able and forceful presentation of the condition of Japan and of the Japanese Church, as a whole, and the great need of the breath of the Spirit to make the skeletons stand up, a great army of living workers. In the afternoon, twelve hundred or more crowded into the

church to hear Shimada Saburg, M. P. and Mr. Ebina speak. The conference adopted a short address to the Mission, recognizing the part our Mission has had in bringing their body of churches to their present condition of independent self-support, and bespeaking our future co-operation and help. The members of the Mission are made corresponding members of the conference and those who engage in evangelistic work are asked to become corresponding members of their Home Missionary Society, and unite with them in evangelistic work. An early morning prayer meeting was held each day from half past five to half past six, on the mountain above the city. The last morning, one hundred and twenty pastors and delegates met there, and there was one succession of half minute and minute prayers almost all breathing the one earnest petition for spiritual strength and Spirit-filling to be used in the work of saving men.

It was a rich and thrilling experience to the writer, who took part in the organization of the first church in Central Japan, and the third in the empire, thirty-two years ago. Kobe was then a fishing village of a few thousand people. It is now the fifth or sixth city in the empire with 300,000 inhabitants. The little church of eleven members, then the only baptized Christians in Central Japan, has increased to a circle of over one hundred churches, about half self-supporting, and all supported by contributions from the Kumiai body, with nearly 15,000 members. Nearly fifty men, nearly all members of these churches, are studying in the theological department of Doshisha. Best of all, there is a most cordial feeling toward the members of the mission and a mutual desire on the part of the Japanese and foreign workers to be filled and used of the Spirit in the great work of saving men.

Kyoto, Oct, 18, 1906.

KINDNESS.

W. N. Burr.

[An Extract from a Sermon.]

* * * * * It was Wordsworth who wrote:

"The best portion of a good man's life—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

But the spirit of kindness is not only to be expressed in kindly **acts,** but in **words** that carry the flavor of it. Remember the text reads: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Sharp, blunt, ungoverned speech tears the heart of others until they bleed, sometimes; and there is no kindness in that. A nettle looks like a pleasant plant as it grows beside the path where men walk to and fro; but touch it, and it always stings. Sometimes we shrink from people as men shrink from the nettle, because we have found them out—they sting. Perhaps people sometimes shrink from us for the same reason—one day they came close to us and we met them with the nettle in us, and they went away rubbing a sting, quite determined to shun us in future. We have no right to be nettles. The person who, in claiming his rights, demands the right to speak the sharp, curt, blunt word of unkindness, must never complain if other people step a little to one side and avoid him when they meet, just as we avoid nettles when we find them growing beside the way.

There is a humble little song that we used to sing a good deal when I was a small boy, that I am inclined to think ought to have a resurrection, and then never again be allowed to drop out of sight. I wonder how many of us remember it, or have ever heard it—that little song the chorus of which ran:

"Kind words can never die,
Never die, never die,
Kind words can never die,
No, never die!"

There comes up to me tonight out of my humble past the memory of one day when I heard somebody singing that little song. It was at the county fair, and I was one of the small, barefooted, open-mouthed urchins running about the fair grounds to see all that was to be seen. There were the fine cattle, and horses and hogs; and the wonderful fruits and vegetables, that seemed to me then more wonderful than all the California products I have ever seen since in any California Chamber of Commerce. There was the "domestic art booth," or whatever they may have called it in those days, where the industrious women of the county displayed the marvelous quilts they had made; and some of those quilts were more marvelous than any of this latter-day crazy-work that claims some attention now—the needlework was finer, and there was more of it than any woman has eyes or time for in these days. And there were all sorts of homemade things in that "domestic booth" that had been worked at for months for display at the fair—it was almost the end of life with some good people of that time to win a premium at the county fair. And the band played, and the cheap shows attracted the wondering people, and the lemonade stands did a thriving business, and the small boy was in his own element from morning until night. One day **this** small boy was darting around to see everything, when he heard music in the air. Now, if there was anything in the world that had charms to soothe the savage breast of this youngster in those days it was music; and he was not slow about making his way to a small building where he saw a crowd of admiring people gathered about a young lady of the neighborhood who was seated at a melodeon singing: "Kind words can never die." That is all; but it is one of the old, commonplace pictures that has been hanging on memory's wall all these years. For some reason, I never think of that old song but the memory of one day when I heard it wafted out upon the air at the county fair, comes to me. And sometimes in these later years when every grist comes out a sermon, I have fallen to moralizing over that old memory picture. Life is largely devoted to horses and cattle and hogs, and fruits and vegetables, and bedquilts and preserves, and cheap shows and lemonade stands. It is a sort of an old-fashioned county fair all the time—"Vanity Fair" Thackery called it, Thackery and John Bunyan. But right in the midst of all the clatter and show the ear is sometimes greeted with a tender song, a kind, encouraging word, a friendly hand-grasp, and the deeper nature is stirred, and the truer life asserts itself. The power of kind words in the midst of life's stress and strain cannot be estimated. There is nothing more true than that "Kind words can never die."

Corona, Calif.

It is not how much work you do, but how good the work is that you do. To perform a great deal for much pay is a mighty poor substitute for excelling in your work, regardless of material recompense.

MOUNTAINS LEAPING INTO THE SEA; OR, PRAYER AND MISSIONS.

By Bishop E. R. Hendrix.

Not as recently on the western coasts of North and South America, where the slightest landslide caused earthquakes in two continents, unsettling values on which men had set their hearts; but because of faith as a grain of mustard seed saying to mountains, "Remove hence to yonder place," or "Be thou taken up and cast into the sea," we may behold mountains leaping into the sea. That which seems most stable, even the "eternal" hills, must yield to the kingdom of God. So hoary heathenism, fixed through countless generations of pagan worshipers, is not established beyond the power of God to cast it into the sea. Admit its antiquity, its hold in the very blood and life of the people, debauching thought and morals, making sensuality itself an integral part of worship and the very temple courts places of assignation and the house of the harlot; yet all, all can be changed as was done with the unspeakable uncleanness of Roman idolatry when confronted with the gospel as the power of God preached by a great missionary. Paul did not depend on his preaching alone, despite his faith in the power of the gospel to save; but to these Romans, as to others, he was ever making exhortations "that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." His learning and large experience could not take the place of intercessory prayer in which he bade the saints at Ephesus join, "that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel." It was this hold upon "the heavenly places" that gave the apostle such dominion in the earth, as he bade mountains leap into the sea.

Not Moses at the Red Sea, nor before a rock burning with desert heat yet to become a fountain when struck with the rod of faith, was more seemingly hopeless of results than Paul in Ephesus or Corinth. His faith and experience in Ephesus made possible his triumph in Corinth, to whose future saints he wrote from Ephesus: "But I will tarry at Ephesus: for a great and effectual door is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries." He does not say, "But there are many adversaries," confessing his failure at the start. Do not these very adversaries make him more confident of the presence and power of his all-conquering Lord? Paul was not given to magnifying his problems, but of making the most of his opportunities." Many adversaires, great mountains indeed; but a mighty Saviour who is able to deliver and to show his great salvation—this is what Paul saw. He showed the superior courage and the sublimer faith the greater the mountain and the fiercer the adversary. The great missionary triumphed through that name that is above every other name. Thus he commanded an infinite reserve of resources, such as the Roman Empire or the whole pagan world combined never knew. If his Lord could have had twelve legions of angels for the asking, was not one angel ever ready to come at Paul's asking of Him "who shall give his angels charge over thee?" Paul knew the reality of the power of prayer with God, and that there was not limit to its achievement. Said Norman McLeod in his religious journal when he seemed writing only for the eye of God: "The poorest man who is great in prayer is perhaps a greater man in affecting the destinies of the world than any emperor."

It is not that the Christian does not believe in prayer in great emergencies, as when the siege of Peking called Christendom to its knees, or in appointed times for daily private or public prayer, when custom makes us pray, "Thy kingdom come." To cast off fear and to restrain prayer before God would rob us of the very form and profession of faith. But what we need is something more than can be shared by the irreligious in times of great peril, or as the result of common custom in Christian lands where people assemble for worship or "common prayer." Prayer among true believers should become more than a habit; it should become a state of continuous living. "Praying always with all prayer" means all kinds of prayer—private, public, ejaculatory, intercessory, common, uncommon. It is a state of devotion, a life of felowship and communion, "continuing instant in prayer." Such prayer makes a new climate, and ever identifies God with his work. It lifts our burdens and quiets our fears. It bids the mountains leap into the sea. It keeps the soul immune despite the peril of a subtle unbelief that the Christian Church has undertaken a task beyond her resources. The chief asset of the Church is her Lord. "All power is given unto me, and lo, I am with you in all ways, at all times and in all places." It is the Lord's work, and not ours. It is less ours to sustain the work of God than to be sustained by it as we give ourselves wholly to it, having no life plans of our own aside from it. "I am unwilling that my fortune should survive the good name of my Church," said a devout and wealthy Christian when laying on the altar of his Lord a large sum of money to make possible the extension of the kingdom when the Church was beginning to falter under a heavy debt created by the needs of the Lord's work. "What will become of Thy great Name?" Was there ever a bolder prayer from a greater heart, committed—as was that of Moses—to his Lord's work? He could not fail when God was his constant Companion. Thus "God made known his way unto Moses" when others could see no path at all, his way even in the sea. "Thy way was in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters; and thy footsteps were not known. Thou leddest thy people like a flock, by the hand of Moses and Aaron. Thou art the God that doest wonders. The waters saw thee; they were afraid; the depths also trembled."

None know the difficulties of the world's conquest better than the missionary and his supporters who have most studied the fields where the great battle is to be won against a debasing and an intrenched paganism. Even Rome has faltered since the days of Raymond Lull in her efforts to conquer Islam. It shows the greater vitality of Protestantism that she continues missionary work in Mohammedan lands long abandoned by Rome. It is because of these difficulties that faith is challenged and "strengthened according to the power that worketh in us." It is not man's work, or it would have long since been abandoned. Undertaken as it has been only because of the Saviour's express command, it is continued and must triumph because of his promised and divine aid. Our Lord's faith in humanity is such that he not only look to the salvation of the race but to the continuous efforts of redeemed men and women in bringing it about. It is his method of saving us by giving us a large part in saving others. Every other religion requires only a man and his god. The Christian religion requires God and two men, one of whom at

once helps to save another and thus helps to maks his own calling and election sure. Great Christians never pray for lesser tasks, but for larger faith; not for lighter burdens, but for more strength.

Now, it is not until the Church so realizes the greatness of the task in winning the conquest of the world that her ceaseless prayer is, "Lord, increase our faith," that she can either successfully do her work or achieve the blessed result which is designed by a gracious Lord to come into her own life. If our wants in the home land seem small and reuire slight demands upon our faith, it is not true of those on the firing line. A state of prayer as constant as the peril is the believer's only refuge. Great difficulites call for great faith, and great faith makes great Christians. Heroes are impossible without great risks and real perils. Our Lord has given his Church what seems an impossible command, save to those of unfaltering faith. How superb our Lord's faith in his Church! And only such faith in us can kindle an adequate faith in him. Fellowship with his sufferings is the ground of missionary effort and the condition of missionary success. Only the motives that moved the heart of our Lord can move ours, either to attempt or to pray great things in the heathen world. None who are strangers to a Divine Lord and to his pardoning and constraining love can help in the mission fields. They have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep. "Why runnest thou, seeing thou bearest no tidings?"

It is only by prayer as a state of spiritual living that there can be brought about that sense of our Lord's identification with his work and of our identification with his plans such as can maks us victors in this great world conflict. Much intercessory prayer has always attended every missionary advance from Paul to Livingstone. "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," was spoken only to the King of kings. None but a pierced hand can hold the scepter of universal empire. The world conquest comes only to prayer; but not alone to the praying heart of our Lord, but to his people who have also the mind of Christ. No command in all the divine Word is more binding than: "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest." It is his harvest—a fact that we dare not forget, or we become weak as other men. It is his harvest to be gathered in by laborers chosen from among the most spiritually minded and sustained by the same atmosphere of prayer in which they had their birth. Therefore "let us advance upon our knees," looking unto and hastening the coming of the day of the Lord. "Arise, O Lord, let thine enemies be scattered!"

GULLS AND GOONIES.

Chaplain C. C. Bateman has been writing for The Pacific Baptist some interesting army reminiscences. Writing concerning a vovage to Manila, he says:

Some sixteen hundred miles from Manila we passed at four o'clock in the morning "The Island of the Birds." The name was given to it by the Spanish explorers of the eighteenth century—"Isla de los pajaros." This island is visible for a long distance at sea because of the presence of an active volcano. Day was just breaking as we approached and passed this desolate isle. The crater of the volcano glowed like a blacksmith's forge when the flame has subsided.

We were within four miles of the shore, as we were told, but we seemed much nearer in the grey of dawn. Birds were on the wing,—thousands of them,—and they seemed glad to see us. What a lonely place!—even for birds which weary of the monotony and are glad to greet any new object. The birds in a long procession and with flocks of leaders and flankers accompanied us for one hundred miles from the land. The goonies resemble gulls, but no one ever saw a white "goon," a sailor once informed me. Gulls take the place of goonies within one hundred miles of the American coast coming in and goonies supplant the gulls at that distance outward bound. Both are remarkable birds for their grace and power in flight and their habits are almost if not quite identical.

No ship can run away from a goony. In the face of a stiff breeze this king of the ocean air will keep abreast of the swiftest steamer and do it with astonishing ease and grace. Traveling against a breeze at the rate of 13 registered knots, I have seen the goony stand alongside for minutes at a time without flapping a wing. The pinions are set to a mathematical angle and the wind does the rest. The principle of the sail close hauled is here realized to a degree wholly beyond human achievement in running in the "eye of the wind." To shoot a goony or a gull is to commit a crime against the unwritten law of those who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters.

A FAREWELL RECEPTION TO MISSIONARIES.

On Monday afternoon, Nov. 19th, at 3 o'clock, in the parlors of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, a reception will be tendered to Mrs. J. D. Davis, and Rev. and Mrs. F. B. Bridgman, and Miss Grace A. Funk, all of them missionaries of the American Board who are to sail on the Korea on Nev. 20th. Mrs. Davis is one of the pioneer missionaries to Japan, and her daughter, Mrs. Bridgman, and her husband are connected with the Zulu Mission in South Africa.

In connection with this reception Miss Funk, who is to work in the Foochow Mission, China, will be commssioned as a missionary of the Board, with an appropriate service.

It is hoped, also, that several other missionaries of the Board who are to sail on the Korea will be present, and a cordial invitation is extended to everyone connected with the churches about the bay to attend, and to bid a hearty Godspeed to their representatives, as they leave our shores for their chosen fields.

Happiness? It shall not be found in the fullfilment of any desire, however cherished; in the achievement of any object, however worthy; in the accumulation of any material thing, however precious. Neither in the pursuit of any pleasure shall it be found, nor in the accomplishment of any endeavor; but only and always in seeking out the will of the Father and in making His will our will, however hard and grevious for the moment this may seem to be. For happiness both not reside in things either possessed or sought, but in peace; and, as St. Augustine pointed out long aforetime, there is no peace for the soul until it rest in Him.

Among the Churches.

California.

Saratoga.—Four persons were received to membership on November 4; two on confession of faith.

Fresno, First.—At the communion service on the 4th, twelve persons united with the church, five on confession of faith.

San Francisco, Olivet.—Seven persons were welcomed into the Olivet fellowship last Sunday, 4 on confession. The pastor's salary has been increased $300.

Santa Cruz.—A call to the pastorate has been given the Rev. J. B. Orr of Seattle. Mr. Orr was pastor here a few years ago and will be heartily welcomed back to Santa Cruz if he accepts the call.

North Berkeley.—At the communion service the first Sunday of November 9 persons united with the church, 2 on confession. There are 9 others, who could not be present that Sunday, who will be received next Sunday.

Berkeley, Park.—Last Sunday was a good day in and for this church. On Wednesday evening of last week a unanimous call to the pastorate was given the Rev. J. R. Knodell. The call has been accepted and the church had Mr. Knodell in its pulpit Sunday morning and evening, greatly to its satisfaction and joy.

Weaverville.—The church here has made material advancement in the past year. A number of important improvements have been added to the parsonage, and the net proceeds of the late fair were $415. The debt on the parsonage has been paid and further improvements in the church building will be immediately made.

Claremont.—At the last Sunday's communion service, forty-six were received into membership, twenty-four on confession of faith. Forty-nine students, members of churches elsewhere, were also received into affiliated membership, under the terms of the Pomona College Covenant of Fellowship. The new vested choir of twenty-four voices led the praise service for the first time, and was an inspiration to the worship of the congregation.

Bakersfield.—Rev. Edgar R. Fuller has completed his ninth year as pastor, having remained longer than any other pastor in the city. He has served faithfully and well, and holds the affection and esteem of his congregation, as well as a large circle of friends in other churches. A reception was given Mr. and Mrs. Fuller in honor of the anniversary, on the evening of November 13.

Petaluma.—Five persons were received into church the first week of November, making 27 additions this year. The church and its friends gathered for a "Fagot Social" one evening in Oct. Several brought "fagots" as mementoes of summer excursions or adventures and expressed many delightful reminiscences. A beginning has been made of fund for a "Church Library" designed to include information and inspiration along all lines of church activity and Bible study—such as missionary, Bible school and young people's work. This should become a very important portion of a Congregational church equipment.

Palo Alto.—The Palo Alto church received ten new members, all adults, at the November communion; two on profession of faith. The men's club met on the evening of Nov. 5th, twenty-five being present. They remained together from 8 until 10:40, no one leaving till 10:30. The whole evening was devoted to a careful consideration of the blanket ballot to be voted the next day. Every man was free to speak. Every constitutional amendment was carefully discussed and ever candidate canvassed and at the close of the evening each man had marked his ballot as he pleased in accordance with the best light thrown upon it by the discussion. The meeting of three weeks ago was taken up with the same theme. If all our churches had a company of men who were as warmly interested, and as open minded, the "bosses" would not cut a very large figure. The churches are the organizations already formed and can do effective work if they will make use of their organizations. More men were out at this meeting of a single church than attended a civic League meeting held within a week which embraced the whole town. Each church at work, and then the federation of the churches if needed will solve many public problems.

San Jose.—The annual meeting of the church on October 30th was an occasion of universal interest and profit. The business session, held in the afternoon, brought reports of growth and activity from all departments. The Christian Endeavorers reported a growth of 59 per cent in membership, and four of its members engaged as missionaries, two in Hawaii, one in Porto Rico, and one in New Mexico. The Kingdom Extension Society reported more than $1350 expended for misisonary work, including the salary of the foreign pastor, Dr. Susan Tollman, of Lin Ching, China. The Sunday-school growth has reached its utmost, until greater accomodations are secured. The trustees reported having received $2,900 from a legacy made by an honored member, Mrs. Cushing, who died a few years ago. At 6:30 the church parlors were filled to overflowing, when a bountiful supper was served, the artistic decorations suggesting Hallowe'en as well as autumn. Following the banquet were toasts touching the varied interests of the church, and choice music by the choir. On this occasion, Mrs. E. R. Wagner presented to the church a daintily framed picture of Dr. Tollman, for the S. S. room. A reunion of the surviving charter members of over thirty years ago was one delightful feature of the evening. Two very distinct impressions were the result of this delightful day: the assurance of perfect unity that was the key note of the entire session, and the unexpected action taken following the report of Mrs. Cushing's legacy. One spoke of her love for children, another of the unwisdom of letting this money lie idle; and another suggested a "memorial" Sunday-school, that to this legacy be added gifts in memory of our own dear ones no longer here; and followed an action by the church, appointing a committee to make plans, get estimates, etc. for a new building, the same to be a memorial Sunday-school. So quietly, so unexpectedly to every one, was this large thing undertaken, it seemed as if the Divine Spirit had breathed over the meeting, and the impulse and action were born then and there, and as the working church is the growing church, this church expects,

this coming year, with this great and glad task before it, to grow as never before, and we thank God, and go forward.

Nevada.

Reno.—The church at Reno was organized jn 1871. It now has a membership of 177. During the last two years it has had a good growth. Since the Rev. C. L. Mears took charge 85 persons have been received to membership. At the November communion service 8 persons were welcomed into fellowship, 2 on confession. The church is looking forward with pleasant anticipations to the coming of the General Association to Reno next year.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. and Mrs. Walter Frear expect to leave San Francisco next Tuesday for a visit of several months in Hawaii. They will be the guests most of the time of their son Judge Frear of Honolulu. This visit will take them back to the field where Mr. Frear was pastor many years ago. They will be greatly missed from Congregational circles hereabouts.

Miss Adela Wikoff, daughter of the Rev. H. H. Wikoff, the Pacific coast secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society, and Mr. Eugene L. Brock of Berkeley, were united in marriage on Monday evening Nov. 12th at the home of the bride in Berkeley. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride. They were the recipients of many beautiful presents. After a trip in the East, for several weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Brock will establish a home in Berkeley where Mr. B. has an extensive real estate business.

The Century Magazine for November contains the first of a series of articles on "Jay Cook and the Financing of the Civil War." Among the valuable articles promised for 1907 are several by General O. O. Howard, under "General Howard's Recollections." These will be concerning Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, Grant, Lee and others. Several articles will be given on "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," by one who was a telegrapher at the time of the civil war. It is said that Lincoln spent more time in the war department telegraph office than at any other place except the White House.

The Rev. Dr. Adams has had a successful trip East. He is now en route for San Francisco, and is expected to tell the story of the trip at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday. The Congregationalist for November 3 said: "California Congregationalists could have sent no better man East to tell their brethren about the religious and denominational situation than the Rev. George C. Adams, D.D., the cheery, energetic, sagacious pastor of the First Church, San Francisco, who has spent the last week in and about Boston." The four large cities visited by Dr. Adams were Chicago, New York, Boston and St. Louis, and in the order named.

THE SOUTH BERKELEY SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The readers of The Pacific will probably remember a cut of the South Berkeley school, also an account given of it in the columns of the paper a short time since. The purpose was to show the importance of the school and its needs. It is important because it supplies a need in a community where no other Christian work is being done. The need is a place in which to meet. A lot on which to build is desired that the school may continue. The outlook is for a church. In time the development will be an organization of this character. The locality is fast filling with homes, and the population is increasing, property is going higher, therefore if Congregationalists wish to continue the work in that vicinity now is the opportunty. The dollar contributed by a little girl of the school who earned it by making fires at a cent a fire and from the sale of eggs of one hen, was very lonely, until Rev. F. N. Greeley, who has contributed before to the society's work in a special way, came with an offer of $50. It will only take $1,000 to purchase a lot and put up a building that will answer the purpose. Who will follow Rev. Mr. Greeley's generous offer with another $50 or more, or less, as you are able? Subscriptions may be sent to Rev. E. J. Singer, Supt. Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal.

FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Among the more prominent events in our current church life may be noted the organization of a vigor- our church membership at Mt. Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles. Some fifty members are enrolled and upwards of eighty are in attendance at the Sunday-school. The pastor, Rev. F. L. Newcomb, is doing effective work in reaching the community and in organizing various church activities. The future is full of promise and we anticipate they shall become one of our strong churches.

To the south of Hollywood is located the community of Colegrove and in the school house of this neighborhood is gathered a newly organized church and Sunday-school of which the Rev. A. A. Kidder is the efficient pastor. Two lots for church location in a very eligible section are purchased and in due time plans will be adopted for the erection of a suitable edifice. A flourishing organization is here developing and will doubtless attain to vigorous growth in the near future.

Some seven months ago two preaching appointments were established in the Rincon Valley by Rev. Wm. E. Eckles, then a student at Pomona College and graduating in June last. Mr. Eckles had already completed a course in the Pacific Theological Seminary and by the completion of his college course has attained to an excellent preparation for his life work.

During the summer he has statedly preached at the Eastvale and Pioneer school houses located some ten or twelve miles to the south of Ontario. At these good congregations have been in regular attendance and flourishing sunday-schools are carried on at each place. Our general S. S. missionary, Rev. H. P. Case, has during several seasons visited this section of the country and aided to bring to pass the present flourishing work.

On Sunday, November 4th, Secretary, Rev. John L. Maile, and Rev. Mr. Eckles culminated the present interest by organizing a church membership of sixteen to which future additions are in sight. The community is very composite in its make-up and in developing the present harmonious situation, Mr. Eckles has exercised the large measure of ability, attractiveness and good sense. The church will assemble

in two gatherings each Sunday and hold a union service for the stated observance of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. For both pastor and people this field affords promise of encouraging growth and results.

The Rev. Edgar H. Price, from Cameron, Mo., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Church of San Bernardino and begins his work on Sunday, Nov. 18th. Mr. Price is a graduate of Drury College and Yale Divinity School; he has made an excellent record and much is anticipated from his coming pastorate. The neighboring church at Highland calls to its service the Rev. Thomas M. Price, from Iowa, and his work is to begin at an early date.

A work of phenomenal success is going on with our church at Ramona, under the lead of Rev. and Mrs. Stanley Ross Fisher. This village is located some 40 miles northeast of San Diego and is central to an extensive and beautiful valley. Mr. Fisher has been engaged in planning for a beautiful church edifice which is nearly completed. The style is old English Gothic, resembling churches which are numerous in the smaller parishes of England. In appearance the height of the building is much below the standard pattern of the ordinary village church edifice. In this instance the eye soon becomes accustomed to the harmonies of the structure and to the impression of strength which it conveys.

The sides and ceiling of the interior are finished in panel work with trusses in full view. A beautiful memorial window adorns each end of the edifice and upon the artistically constructed rostrum and pulpit the light falls with charming effect. The attendance on Sunday-school and preaching services is well occupying the seating capacity. To this promising work Mr. and Mrs. Fisher bring highly trained abilities and their influence upon the community extends over a large reach of country. The dedication will occur in due time.

Our State Home Missionary Society is being prospered in carrying out the program of State self-support. All the missionary pastors and all expenses are paid on the first of each month and while a slight current deficit exists the outlook is very promising for the full maintenance of the work to the end of the fiscal year and without debt. J. L. M.

Los Angeles, Nov. 7, 1906.

THE NEW EPWORTH CHURCH OF BERKELEY.

We have pleasure this week in giving our readers a glimpse of a beautiful church building recently dedicated in Berkeley.

It belongs to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which has been doing an energetic work on the Pacific Coast for many years and now has a large number of flourishing churches.

Like the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, it delights in that which links its life today with that of its great founder, Wesley; and Epworth, his early home, is a favorite name for its churches.

The church in Berkeley was organized about three years ago and now has 135 members. The building and the lot on which it is situated cost about $40,000, three-fourths of the total amount being expended on the building. Inasmuch as Berkeley is a university city and the importance of the work in such educational centers being realized, the church erection society contributed $10,000 toward the construction of the house of worship

In the editorial work in which the present writer has been engaged during the last nine years he has come in contact with not a few of the Methodist South people on the Pacific coast and has been pleased with

the way that church has been carrying on its work on these shores. They now have in their Pacific coast district a membership of about 17,000, and are working earnestly for the winning of the land for the Master.

Articles in the Pacific Methodist Advocate now and then, as well as in their church papers in other parts of the country, indicate an increasing desire for the reunion of the two branches of Methodism. We believe that this will come about in process of time; but until it does come we welcome heartily to the work of the Kingdom on our coast the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. May God give to its membership and to the membership of all our denominations that spirit of unity which will lead us to avoid all rivalry and wasteful competition, and so advance in the best manner possible, under existing conditions, the kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ! And may we all be so led by the Spirit as to be made wiling to lay less and less emphasis on the non-essentials, and gradually to so change conditions as to make possible a more rapid advancement toward that day when upon the head of the Christ there shall rest all crowns.

For the use of this cut, presenting the Epworth Church of Berkeley, we are indebted to the Rev. W. E. Vaughan, the editor of the Pacific Methodist Advocate, with whom we have had for several years most brotherly relations. May his kind increase! So shall the day of good will over all the earth be hastened.

The Home.

"Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away;
Plucking up the weeds in sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in."

THE HUMAN NATURE OF A PAN OF APPLES.

When 'Bijah came home from the grocery, the other evenin', he was carryin' a basket of apples, an' as he set 'em on the table he says to me, says he: "I don't know about them apples, Marilly! They looked dretful nice in the barrel, but a-comin' home I see a good many bad ones among 'em. Mebbe, though, you can get enough out for a few pies." (He's a master hand for apple-pie, is 'Bijah.)

Well, when I come to look 'em over I was provoked clear through. There wasn't a quarter of the lot that was good an' solid, an' most of 'em was deceivin' as could be. One side would be rosy an' sound, an' the other all specked an' worm-eaten. I s'pose it was the good side a-bein' turned up as they lay in the barrel that was the occasion of 'Bijah a-bein' so taken in.

Thinks I to myself, "If that ain't for all the world like some folks! When they're on exhibition their best side is always turned outermost, an' they're dretful engagin' to meet, an' attractive to look upon; but come to get close to 'em at home, an' you find the other side is different as can be."

"They won't bear inspection," says I, a-shakin' my head, sorrowfully, "an' sooner or later them little decayin' spots on the one side will spread 'round to the other, an' there'll be no hidin' 'em any way they can fix it."

Well, I got a big pan an' set down to git them apples ready to cook, an' as I pared, an' cut, an' cored, I moralized (I'm a master hand to moralize when I'm a-workin' alone) an' I says to myself:

"The more I see of these here apples, the more they remind me of human folks. Now, here's one that was dretful specked on the outside, but the spots hardly went below the parin', an' when I come to cut it open, the inside was white an' sound as an apple could be.

"An' you'll find people that's just that way.

"They show a sight of defects on the outside, but right down at the core of their bein' they're sound an' true. You can depend upon 'em every time," says I to myself, "an' knowin' that makes it easier to put up with their little failin's of speech an' action.

"But," I went on, a-musin' an' reflectin', "they must be careful, dretful careful; for them little dark spots, if they're let stay, go on a-deepenin', an' a-deepenin', till by'n'by that fair white inside is all streaked with little corruptin' veins, an' there's no tellin' what'll be the outcome. But there's hope for 'em by takin' care," says I, thankfully, " a sight more than for some other kinds.

"Take that big, red apple I picked up a bit ago. Not a spot on it, but the minit I took a good, firm grip to begin parin', it went all to sqush in my hand. Just an outside coverin' of fair, rosy skin, an' inside a mass of rottenness, an' there's people one hears of with not a fault about 'em so far as can be seen till all to once some one happens to take hold of 'em with a strong, investigatin' touch, an' they go to pieces in a mass of corruption that surprises everybody.

"Now, if here ain't one," I went on, a-warmin' up to my subject; "this here little hard, green, gnarly thing, that's for all the world like old Miss Griffiin; nothin' very bad about it, but just kinder sour, an' puckery, an' disagreeable generally. An' this one right by it, that's sound an' good, exceptin' for that decayin' place on one side, is like Lem Busby—dretful good fellow, Lem is, in most ways, but they do say that when it comes to weighin' out of his groceries—"

An' right here I just pulled myself up with a jerk. "Never you mind about the shortcomin's of your neighbors, Marilly Perkins," says I, severely. "What consarns you is the sort of fruit you air resemblin' in your daily life. Be you one of them kind with a side for the world an' another for your home? Be you fair to look upon in outward act, but with a heart corruptly seekin' its own? Or, if you ain't one of these, be you one that is true an' steadfast in doin' the right as God gives you to see the right, yet by little failin's of word an' manner, a-bringin' unhappiness daily to them that's around you? Or be you, Marilly, one of the perfect kind; fair, an' firm, an' sweet all the way through, from parin' to core, an' from core to parin'?

"No, Marilly," I says, sadly, sadly, "you ain't one of them kind, an' you know it, but you can try to be.

"You can take the parin' knife of Scripture direction an' slice off a little meanness here, an' dig out another there, till there needn't be a single spot left to spread its darkenin' influence toward the heart that you're meanin' to keep pure an' true.

"There'll likely not be much left by the time you git through," says I, "but so far as you do go, Marilly, you'll be sound."

An' then, as I went on a-thinkin' an' reflectin', I

says again, says I: "It's surprisin' as can be how much apples is like folks in other ways. Now, there's some kinds so good in themselves that it takes just a little sweetenin' to make a sass that'll fairly melt in your mouth, an' there's others that's got scarcely a particle of good apple flavorin' to 'em. You have to put in lots of sugar, an' a big pinch of cinnamon, or a lemon peel, an' mebbe a scrap of butter in the bargain, an' in the end, what you have tastes good, but it's mighty near all seasonin' an' not much apple.

"Now, there's some folks as much like that as can be. With the least little mite of help in developin' their nat'ral gifts they turn into bright an' shinin' lights for 'luminatin' the age in which they live, an' there's others that, with no end of schoolin' an' travel, an' goodness knows what beside to help 'em along, never bring anything out of themselves to make this old world any better. They pick up theories from this professor an' from that, an' get opinions from books an' celebrated people, an' in the end they've made their minds into a rather pleasin' compound, but it's mostly the seasonin' of other people's ideas, with dretful little of individual flavor."

By this time I could see the bottom of the pan, an' began a-debatin' in my mind whether to make vinegar or jell out of the cores an' parin's.

You know by puttin' 'em in water with a little molasses in it, an' settin' to one side for a spell, they'll turn to the strongest sort of vinegar, or you can cook 'em nice an' soft, an' dreen off the water, an' put sugar to it, an' a sweet-smellin' geranium leaf, an' it makes the deliciousest jell you ever eat. Seems queer that accordin' to how you use the same thing it will turn into such opposites as vinegar or jell.

Apple-parin's ain't the only things that turn sour or sweet accordin' to the treatment they git. There's human bein's in this world, today, with sour, puckery dispositions, who've been made what they are by bein' set to one side, an' paid no 'tention to in the home; an' there's others, bright, an' sunny-faced, an' lovin', who've been made so by bein' with them who took pains to study their dispositions, an' bring out by just the right sort of treatment all the sweetness an' richness in their natures.

I s'pose it was a good bit of trouble to do it, just as it's a sight more work to cook, an' sweeten, an' flavor them parin's for jell, than it is to set 'em to one side without any bother an' let 'em turn to vinegar, but I reckon it pays in the end.

Says I to myself, "Acid's a good thing, if you don't git too much of it, but somethin' sweet is pleasanter to taste, an' can be used in more ways.

"I reckon we wives an' mothers can count on our home folks bein' supplied with all the vinegar they need in their dispositions from the great, bustlin', grindin' factory of the world, leavin' home influence for the makin' of little sweetenin' adjuncts to help out the plain fare of every-day life; which is about all that the most of us git."

An' with that I got up an' put my apples over the fire to cook.—Emma Brownell Reade,

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How many there are so content with the grovellings of their own desires that they have never even asked themselves if they have had from life the best it has to offer. Therein lies the pity of it all—in this stupendous self-complacency of lives based on anything—no matter how good—which is purely material.

The Quiet Hour.

Hope, Child! To-morrow hope, and then again to-morrow.
And then to-morrow still! Trust in a future day,
Hope, and each morn the skies new light from dawn shall borrow;
As God is there to bless let us be there to pray.
—VictorHugo.

IRREVERENT PRAYER.

My brother, take heed to that for which thou prayest! There lies the difference between the pious and impious mind. It is not the praying that makes thee good—nor even thy sincerity in prayer. It is not thy sense of want that makes thee good—noe even though expressed in abjectness. It is not thy feeling of dependence that makes thee good—not even thy feeling of dependence on Christ. It is the thing for which thou prayest, the thing for which thou hungerest, the thing for which thou dependest. Every man cries for his grapes of Eschol; the difference is not in the cry, but in the grapes. It is possible for thee to ask from thy God three manner of things: Thou mayest ask thy neighbor's vineyard; that is bad. Thou mayest ask thine own riches; that is neither bad nor good; it is secular. Or thou mayest ask to be made unselfish; that is holy. It is not thy prayer that thy Father prizes; it is the direction of thy prayer. Dost thou deem thy child a hero because he asks thee for a holiday? Nay, though he sought it sorrowing and with tears. But if he asks thee to let him share his joy with a brother or sister, then thou art exceedingly glad; then thou sayest: "Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee!" So with thy Father. He waits till thou criest for a crown—till thou prayest for his presence, longest for his light, sighest for his song, hungerest for his home, faintest for his footfall, callest for his company, tarriest for his tread, seekest for the sign of his coming. That will be thy Father's highest joy.—George Matheson.

AN INMOST FIGHT.

Not in his circumstances, not in his habits, not in his hereditary station, but in himself, in a heart ready to give itself up to the worst instead of to the better powers of the world, in a soul that loves baseness, frivolity, and falseness—there lies the real enemy. O the great strength which comes when that discovery is made! And, feeling that now at last the real battle has begun, the man solemnly, solidly settles himself down to the conquest of himself. The army which has carried by storm one fortification after another and found that it has only gained possession of an outpost, more or less insignificant, now sits down before the central citadel and the real siege begins. Then comes the true calling up of all the powers. Then comes humility, and by humility self-understanding, and in self-understanding strength. Then comes that earnest cry for God's help which always brings its answer. Then comes the giving of the soul's own weakness into the abundant strength of Christ. Then comes the great reality of prayer. All of these, when the man has at last got to the center of his sin and

is at last fighting with himself for his own soul.

My friends, do you know the meaning of all this? Are you fighting that battle for self-conquest? If you are, you know with what a true exhilaration that which seems such a cruel and unnatural necessity of life may occupy and inspire the soul. Almost with a shout the man exclaims: "I will subdue myself for goodness and for God!" And though no shout is heard, though men beside him do not hear a sound, though the battlefield is in some inmost secret chamber of his most secluded life, though the fairest flowers of his own self-content are being torn to pieces by the wrestler's feet, yet still there is (do not you know it, many of you?) a deep, strong, solemn joy as the night draws nearer to the day, and the self with which we fight grows weaker and the self for which we fight grows freer—a joy deep and strong and solemn, with which no other pleasure in human living can compare.

And also there grows up a great charity and hope for every other man who is fighting the good fight with his sins—a charity and hope which is alone reward enough for all our pain!

May God lead all of us speedily in, through all the outer struggles, to this inmost fight of all! May we begin it now and never end it till our sin is dead! May the Captain of our salvation be our leader and our strength! May we be full of courage because the battle which we fight is not our own alone but God's! and at the last may we be conquerors in him!—Phillips Brooks.

I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a valiant soul I knew)
And the joy of his song was a wild bird winging
Swift to his mate through a sky of blue.

Myself—I sang when the dawn was flinging
Wide his guerdon of fire and dew;
I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a valiant soul I knew).

And his song was of love and all its bringing
And of certain day when the night was through;
I raised my eyes where the hope was springing,
And I think in His heaven God smiled, too.
I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a valiant soul I knew).

The safest pilot is not the one who knows best the hidden reefs and shallows, but the one who can guide into the safe channels. A wreck will teach where one dangerous point is, but it does not necessarily reveal the right passage into the offing. Unfortunate, indeed, is the young man or woman who, instead of heeding the warnings extended by the physical and moral wrecks that surround him, has the stimulus always goading him upward which comes from the intimate guidance of a strong and virile, a clean and forceful friend. We, too often, I think, over-value the lessons taught us by the reformed drunkard, the expugilist, the reclaimed evangelist. It is good to heed the wrong, but it is better to follow the right; and the safest of all counsellors are those who never had to be rescued. To change the metaphor, it is wiser to follow the shepherd than to puzzle over-much about the net-work of paths left by sheep gone astray.

Young People.

THE BOY WITH THE HOE.

Say, how do you hoe your row, young chap?
Say, how do you hoe your row?
Do you hoe it fair,
Do you hoe it square,
Do you hoe it the best you know?
Do you cut the weeds, as you ought to do,
And leave what's worth while there?
The harvest you'll garner depends on you;
Are you working it on the square?

Are you killing the noxious weeds, young chap?
Are you making it straight and clean?
Are you going straight,
At a hustling gate?
Are you scattering all that's mean?
Do you laugh and sing, and whistle shrill,
And dance a step or two,
As the row you hoe leads up the hill?
The harvest is up to you?

—New York Sun.

BUYING A PAPER.

"Here, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't,"

"Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the city hall."

"Yes, but that was down 'tother block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling. I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper in this here block, Mister, 'cos' it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up the furdest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"Cos' us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agree that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.—Ex.

A NEW BEGINNING.

"I haven't time, mother," replied Louise, lifting her eyes from the volume she was reading, pencil in hand.

"What are you doing now, dear?"

"Reading up for my essay. My title this week is 'Beginnings of Literary Women.' Isn't that splendid? Mr. Ray told Miss Green that he thought I was one of them myself. He said my story in the 'Independent' showed large promise."

"I want you to make biscuit for supper, and help with the mending."

"But, mother, I really havn't time. I have no taste for housekeeping; literary women do not have, as a rule. You know Harriet Martineau's brother told her to put up her sewing, and write; other women could sew."

The next evening Louise settled herself in the "study corner" of the sitting-room, with her books and papers about her. Charlie had toothache and was nursing his face over the register; Clara was busying herself mending a rent in her dress; her mother was washing the supper dishes in the kitchen.

"Louise," said her father, from the lounge, where he had stretched himself with a headache, "put away your 'Beginnings' and come here awhile. I want to tell you about a few literary women."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Louise, delightedly. "I stayed two hours at the library after school and couldn't find what I wanted."

"I fear I shall not tell you just what you want," he said, with a twinkling in his eye, as she nestled down on the rug before the lounge. "I have been 'reading up' literary women to find out if they ever did like to make biscuits and mend stockings."

"I don't believe they ever did, papa; the tastes conflct, you see. It isn't only lack of time," began the literary school-girl, decidedly.

"Well, we will see. You admire Miss Alcott; she did literary work sufficiently well to satisfy any aspiring school-girl; she was so fond of sewing at twelve that she set up for a doll's dressmaker, and put up a beautiful dressed doll for a model in her window. In pinching times at home she was brave enough to go out to service for two months."

Louise exclaimed: "Out to service!"

"Harriet Martineau, who was the woman-statesman, in her political economy series and her hundreds of letters in the London Times states that as she grew up she made all her clothing excepting 'stays and shoes'; she plaited straw bonnets and knitted stockings; she said she was saved from being a literary lady who could not sew, and when in the height of her fame she was admired for not being helpless in regard to housework. She explained that she could make puddings, and iron and mend, and, if need be, support herself by her needle, as it was necessary for several months; and sometimes she felt herself a good housewife spoiled."

"George Eliot was a good housekeeper, and what could not Harriet Beecher Stowe do in a kitchen? In her "Memoirs" is a comical account of a magazine story written at her dictation while she was teaching an efficient servant to do the week's baking. Maria Edgeworth's ever-busy fingers accomplished many a piece of fine needle-work; she liked not to be idle while conversation was going on."

"As I am this minute," laughed Louise, picking at the fringe with nervous fingers. Her mother must have told her father that she refused to make the beds before school this morning, and had left her last week's mending for her to do. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, with a heated face.

"I will read you something Mary Howitt writes." He took the book from under the lounge-pillow and sat upright: "'No more counting of threads and three hundred and sixty-eight stitches to the inch for me.' And here's an extract from a letter: 'It is very long since I wrote to thee. It is quite astonishing, and yet when I consider the vast quantity of needlework I have had to do, it is not so very astonishing after all. Helping to do the upholstering work quite filled up my time. When I began to look at our several wardrobes, the mending and making had accumulated to such a degree that I was like a hard-working seamstress from morning till night.'"

Dropping the book, her father fell back on the lounge-pillow. "You love Lucy Larcom's poems. She often did her own washing and ironing while she was teaching at fourteen dollars a month. Mary Lamb wrote to a friend about some cooking she was doing, and she wrote an article on needlework, of which she must have had special knowledge. You would not care for any higher appreciation than to be spoken of by Tennyson as next to Shakespeare—and Jane Austin, the woman rated so high, could do such excellent needle-work that she almost put a sewing machine to shame."

"Don't, papa," laughed Louise, with eyes brimful of tears, "don't make me feel like that sewing-machine."

She sprang up and went, not to her "study-corner," but to the kitchen-table.

"Mamma, I've learned about the real 'Beginnings.' I don't want to be a sham literary woman. "But," with a sigh, "I don't love housekeeping."

"You will, if you keep on," said her mother, comfortingly. "A womanly woman is better than any other kind of a woman."—ex.

Avoid alum and alum phosphate baking powders. The label law requires that all the ingredients be named on the labels. Look out for the alum compounds.

NOTE.—Safety lies in buying only Royal Baking Powder, which is a pure, cream of tartar baking powder, and the best that can be made.

Shun as you woulud the plague the persistent imputation of low motives in the acts of other men; for here is the very essence of cowardly vulgarity. You are the keeper of your brother's soul, and every false condemnation of him only reveals the essential littleness of your own nature. Remember that exalted sentence of Tertullian: "To wish ill, to do ill, to speak ill, or to think ill of anyone we are equally forbidden without exception."

Tryin' to Jine Dat Church.

A good story is going the rounds of the papers in which it is said that at a recent dinner in Boston, at which a number of clergymen were present, there was some good-natured chaff between Bishop Hall of the Episcopal diocese of Vermont and President Buckham of the Vermont University. The latter had been joked regarding the ease with which anybody could join the Congregational Church and he replied by telling of a negro who had applied repeatedly for membership of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Burlington. According to Dr. Buckham, Bishop Hall was not satisfied that the negro's state of mind justified admission, so he advised the applicant to pray that his spiritual condition might improve. After doing so, he made a new application. The Bishop said to him: "Well, Erastou, have you prayed as I told you to?" "Yes, indeedy, suh; I done prayed an' I done tole de Lawd I wants to jine St. Paul's Church, an' de Lawd he say to me, 'Good luck, Rastus; I been tryin' to jine dat church fo' twenty years mahse'f."

Heredity.

A Parlimentary candidate was being heckled. One of the questions had reference to the religious denomination to which he belonged.

"Well," he said, "you have asked me an honest question and you shall have a straightforward answer. My grandmother was a Scotchwoman —a rigid Presbyterian."

Obvious disappointment was shown on the faces of the audience, so the candidate proceeded:

"My grandfather was English, and, therefore, a member of the Church of England."

Still no enthusiasm, but rather the reverse.

"My father, on the other hand, was a good Baptist," went on the desperate candidate, who was still unrewarded by applause. He grew anxious, so hurridly added: "But my dear old mother, long since dead, was a Methodist."

Instantly all faces were radiant, so he concluded:

"And, gentlemen, I follow the precepts of my dear old mother. I'm a Methodist and I don't care who knows it.'"—London Daily News.

"A stranger came to New York from Vineland, N. J. He came on a Vineland excursion. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the enormous crowds on the subway, on the elevated, and in the streets.

"After an hour or two of bewildered observation the stranger said to a policeman who was helping him across Broadway:

"'Is New York always like this, or is the crowded condition of the streets due to to-day's Vineland excursion?'"—Endeavor Herald.

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